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04x02 - Stand Up for Ourselves

by **bunniefuu** Posted: **05/06/04 21:39**

[Darren's (a/k/a Shanda Leer's) apartment. His arm and foot are in casts. His face is battered, bruised and swollen. His eye looks really gross. Justin has brought him some food from the diner.]

Darren: Better not be a parakeet in there, Jane!

Justin: Huh?

Darren: Obviously you're not up on your g*y film history. Whatever Happened to Baby Jane? Starting the two greatest b*tch goddesses in the history of the human race, Miss Joan Crawford and Miss Bette Davis. 'Miss Crawford and I neeever got along.'

Justin: I neeever saw it!

Darren: I suppose there's no point in even mentioning Esther Blodgett.

Justin: I know that one. It's A Star is Born, right?

Darren: Oh, thank God! He really is g*y!

Justin: Eat.

Darren: No, thanks.

Justin: It's tuna salad, not parakeet.

Darren: I'm not hungry.

Justin: You're gonna need your strength.

Darren: For what? The doctor says I might have a permanent limp. That should brighten up my act!

Justin: What are you listening to the doctors for? After they stuffed my brain back in my head, they told me I'd never draw again.

Darren: Well, do you?

Justin: Yes. For about 15 minutes, then my hand starts to shake. So I use a computer. But the point is -

Darren: You went on!

Justin: Right. So will you.

Darren: You're so reasonable. I keep hoping when they catch my bashers, they'll sentence them to life in prison and they'll get f*cked nightly by prisoners with A*DS.

Justin: That's gruesome!

Darren: It doesn't cost anything to dream! When it happened to you, weren't you angry?

Justin: I tried not to think about it.

Darren: I can't stop thinking about it. I see their faces, their boots smashing into me. I even hugged this one guy's foot to my stomach, hoping it would stop him from kicking me. It didn't.

Justin: If you're still holding onto that boot, then you're still on the ground, taking it. Forget about it.

Darren: Listen, if you'd been reduced to jerking off with your left hand, you'd want him dead, too!

[Darren laughs. Justin smiles and shakes his head.]

[At the diner, Michael is whining about pain from an impacted wisdom tooth.]

Debbie: What's the matter baby? Tummy-ache?

Ben: What is it, Michael? Migraine?

Michael: Impacted wisdom tooth.

Debbie: But you've have them all extracted.

Michael: Emmett doesn't know that. What possessed me? Why did I ever agree to go with him?

Debbie: Because you're a goodhearted human being who would do anything for his friend.

Michael: Because I'm a lame-brained doormat who doesn't know how to say now!

Ben: It'll only be a couple of days. They're supposed to be a very empowering and enlightening experience.

Michael: Well, if they're so empowering and enlightening, why don't you go?

Ben: I have classes. There's Hunter - anyway, Emmett asked you, not me.

Michael: I'm not going. No way. No way.

[Enter Justin, back from his visit with Darren.]

Justin: (to Debbie) Darren asked me to thank you for all the food you sent him.

Debbie: I'll get what I can do.

Ben: How's he doing?

Justin: I'm afraid it's gonna be awhile before Shanda Leer appears in public.

Debbie: Well, at least he has one ray of sunshine in his life!

Ben: Tell him we'll miss him at the Center tonight, but we're gonna make sure this never happens again.

[Justin leaves, Emmett comes in. At the sight of Emmett, Michael starts to launch into his sick act. Emmett sits down at the booth with Michael and Ben.]

Debbie: Are you ready to find your inner fairy?

Emmett: I do. I just feel like Thinkerburt and Captain Hook.

Michael: Em, I -

Emmett: Before you say anything, as we all know, I've been going through some really tough times lately. I guess you could say my headlights are on low beam. But if this faerie frolic will turn the brights back on, well - what the f*ck. I'll give it a try.

Debbie: More power to ya, sweetheart.

Emmett: Whatever happens, the important thing is, I will always always be grateful that your son - your boyfriend - my best pal could be there with me, offering his love and support. (getting all choked up).

[Deb and Ben give Michael pointed looks. Mikey's cornered and he knows it.]

Michael: Well, we'd better get a move on. Otherwise these faeries won't get their wings.

Emmett: Bye, honey.

Debbie: Bye. Bye, honey. [she waves with her wings.]

[Meanwhile, back at the rehab center, Ted's in group therapy. Once again, Blake is leading the group.]

Ted: So it was actually a good thing I left here that night. See, my condo needed dusting and I don't really trust my cleaning lady and uh... It gave me time to think about where I should be and what I should be doing. So I came back. Although it hasn't been easy and every day's been a challenge -

Blake: But you did it.

Ted: And now it's time for me to leave with clear eyes and my head held high. I guess that's what happens when you have a great counselor. And your health insurance runs out.

[That gets a laugh. Then one of the other patients mutters something.]

Blake: What'd you say, Jonathan?

Jonathan: You'll be back.

Ted: Sure, for group, as an out-patient.

Jonathan: I mean back using. And then back here.

Woman in group: Jesus, Jonathan, can't you be positive?

Jonathan: It doesn't mean I have to laugh at Billy Crystal here doing his stand-up. It's not gonna be any different for you than it is for the rest of us.

Ted: You're wrong.

Jonathan: You'll find out soon enough. It's not the same world you left when you came here.

Ted: I'm gonna be alright. I'll make sure of it!

Jonathan: Well, just in case - we'll leave the light on for ya.

[Cut to naked Brian and Justin in bed. Brian is lying on the bed. Brian is on the phone. As he's talking, Justin comes over and shakes his wet hair on Brian. Brian grabs him and pulls him down on the bed.]

Brian: It's an interesting offer.

Headhunter: "It's a first-rate company, Mr. Kinney. You'd fit right in."

Brian: Interesting in that they think I'd actually agree to it. Two-thirds of what I was previously making, a lesser title, and no profit-sharing until the fifth year.

Headhunter: "Times are tough, Mr. Kinney. It's a job."

Brian: You mean indentured servitude .

Headhunter: "So you're passing?"

Brian: You can tell them I've just taken a new position. Bye-bye. (Hangs up).

Justin: I can't believe you just did that.

Brian: Flipped you on your back?

Justin: Flipped off that headhunter.

Brian: I can do better.

Justin: Doing what?

Brian: Working for myself instead of other people.

Justin: But all your clients turned you down.

Brian: f*ck 'em. I'll get others.

Justin: What if you can't? You'll be destitute. You'll have nothing.

Brian: (laughs) Since when did you turn into a Jewish mother? Or Michael?

Justin: You're just taking an awfully big risk, that's all.

Brian: Well, what's one more? Besides, if I don't do this now, I never will.

[Michael and Emmett at the faerie gathering. They're in the woods. There are lots of naked men wandering around in weird costumes.]

Emmett: Something tells me we're not in Pittsburgh anymore.

Michael: Something tells me we're not on the planet anymore.

[They're greeted by a faerie who introduces himself as Periwinkle]

Periwinkle: You two must be virgins!

Emmett: I haven't been a virgin since I was 15.

Periwinkle: Well, maybe out there but in here, your life as a faerie has just begun! I'm Periwinkle - the Queen Registrar and Official Greet-ar.

Michael: Periwinkle?

Periwinkle: It's my faerie name. Every when you has one...

Emmett: It's strong about real names.

Periwinkle: Real names are fine for the real world but this is a special place. This is a magical place were you leave your real life behind. At least for a little while. So, take your time, get some cloth. So get settle in to your cabin, dinners coming up. Oh, there is a middle massage in the year. You don't miss that.

Michael: See?

Emmett: If we back up slowly, no one will know we were there.

Michael: Hey, you dragged me here. We're staying. What's the worse that could happen?

Emmett: That?

[He's looking at two naked men walking together holding hands in the woods with paintings of lizards, etc on their bodies.]

[Slings & Eros, a shop specializing in adult toys.]

Brian: We'll start with a new logo, launch an aggressive ad campaign with the locals and set up some high-profile sponsorships.

Trainer: That sounds bigger than we can handle.

Brian: It's simple branding.

Trainer: Our customers aren't into branding. Tattoos, piercings maybe.

Brian: I'm talking about a new image.

Trainer: I adore makeovers, but our ad budget's only $200 a month.

Brian: (Grimacing) Great! Then we'll run a lean campaign. No fat!

Trainer: Just like our customers. Perfect!

[Brian looks like he's getting a headache.]

[Ted is leaving the rehab. Blake, of course is seeing him off.]

Blake: Just between us, around here we refer to Jonathan as D&G.

Ted: Dolce & Gabbana?

Blake: No, doom and gloom.

Ted: He doesn't bother me.

Blake: That's good. To be honest, he's not entirely wrong. A lot of patients do wind up coming back here.

Ted: Not me.

Blake: That's good. Just remember what we talked about.

Ted: Give myself time to adjust.

Blake: Not just you, but people in you life are gonna need some time, too.

[They get to the front door.]

Blake: Here we are.

Ted: I never thought I'd be so scared to see a door.

Blake: Don't think of it as a door. Think of it as a threshold to your life.

Ted: Right. Well, I want to thank you for everything.

Blake: You don't have to thank me. You did it all.

Ted: With your help. Listen, I was wondering if I could well, give you a call sometime. Strictly on a professional basis. If I suddenly find myself standing on a ledge with a rope around my neck or something.

Blake: Or maybe just to say hello.

[Ted nods. Blake writes down his digits. Ted gives Blake a hug.]

Blake: Good luck.

[Ted walks over the threshold of the rest of his life.]

[Cut to Cynthia, Brian and Justin at the loft. Cynthia takes a poster out of a portfolio and holds it up.]

Cynthia: Recognize this?

Brian: Yes. Remsen Pharmaceutical account. My last campaign.

Justin: Before the old warrior was unceremoniously escorted from the building, without so much as a ballpoint pen.

[Brian mouths the words along with him]

Justin: So what does this magic pill do?

Brian: Well, it's guaranteed to turn you into a hottie. You can climb the Matterhorn. It also reduces your viral load. What are you showing it to me for?

Cynthia: Vance is taking your idea and pitching it to Remsen tomorrow.

Brian: Well, he should. He owns it.

Justin: But you thought it up.

Brian: Basic rule of advertising and eternal damnation: once you sell your soul to the Devil, he holds the copyright.

Justin: So come up with another idea.

Cynthia: Then you can steal the account from Vance and your former assistant along with it!

Brian: Well that's an ingenious plan, Cynthia. But what pharmaceutical company is going to trust their wonder weapon to a one - man band working out of his house?

Justin: It's not the size that matters!

Brian: Have I taught you nothing?

Justin: It's the vision! If you can win this account, then you'll be back on top.

Brian: For once, I'll stick to the bottom.

[He picks up the Slings & Eros sign as he speaks.]

[Back to wacky wonkers in the woods - or Camp Faerie Peri is showing Em and Michael the layout of the camp.]

Periwinkle: You have to draw up your civilian dress to become true faeries. So the magic doesn't work. [He's taking yellow ball gown an say to Michael] You looking enchanting in this.

Michael: Strapless makes me look fat.

Periwinkle: Well then use your own talents to come up with something fabulous. Every faerie has a god given gift to take odds ugly and makin' in something beautiful. You'll soon discovered when you can do. So, I really must fly. I wait for you at candleling. If you care to join me, it down by the River.

Emmett: Where is the book?

Periwinkle: Make a way to the yard.

Michael: When I agree to come here with you, I didn't agree to look like my mother.

Emmett: Well, maybe Periwinkle's right and we put something on and feel the magic.

[Emmett wearing a green turban and animal print dress. Michael in a sleeveless denim jacket red plaid mini skirt!]

Emmett: We look like Virginia Maye in "Sweet Woman". You know just let's forfeit their registration fee, and go home?

Michael: Now you tell me? You look completly and ugly...

men#1: Hot.

[Two men come out of nowhere.]

Men#2: Totally hot.

Michael: It's just something I picked off the rack.

Piston: I'm Piston.

Wolfen: And I Wolfen...

Michael: I'm... Dumpling.

Piston: Hello Dumpling.

Wolfen: See ya later, Dumpling.

Emmett: Dumpling? Were you get that?

Michael: It's suddenly came to me.

Men#3: Yee, yah, wanna play?

[They play naked volleyball!]

Michael: This must be the naked bubbly ball game.

Emmett: You're intuition are remarkable.

[Michael immediately runs to check it out, while Em stays behind by his own choice.]

[Cut to the GLC. Ben is leading a community meeting about Darren's bashing.]

Ben: Thank you for you all to coming up here. I do now the police are still working to find the mens who attacted Darren.

Melanie: In the meantime we met our contact officer who's look out for any one matching descriptions.

Ben: Keeping that in mind we're like to think how can Liberty Avenue be safer and enviroment for all of us.

Debbie: I never though I say this but the first thing we need is more cops on the street.

Mel: We're already talked to the new police chief. He said he do his best.

Man#1: Yeah, sure. We're already heared that one before.

Lindsay: Let's send a petition to the major to demending something we're done.

Man#2: We're need more lighting, especially on the side streets.

Ben: You're idea, we will take note of that.

Woman: We should wear little whistles around our necks that way if someone attacks us, all we have to do is blow!

[There's a whistle from the back of the room. It's Cody. He's angry.]

Cody: Like that?

Mel: Would you like to say something?

Cody: Who do you think will come running? Them? They cant even defend themselves. The cops? If a bunch of h*m* haters wanna beat the sh*t out of you, you're not gonna stop them by blowing a little whistle.

Ben: Then what do you suggest?

Cody: We protect ourselves. Patrol the streets.

Lindsay: You mean a vigilante group?

Cody: Yeah! The Pink Posse!

Mel: Isn't that taking the law into your own hands?

Cody: Which law is that? The one that says you can't get married? That if they find out you're g*y, they can fire your a*s? That you can't adopt kids? Hell, they can even arrest you for f*cking!

Ben: That was changed.

Cody: Riiight. You can now copulate in Texas. Whoa, yippee-yi-yo-ki-yay!

[laughter]

Cody: You think anyone would dare call a black man a n*gg*r? And try calling an Israeli a kike! Man, they'd blow your a*s right off the face of the earth. But they have no prob calling us f*gs. Why? Because they can. Because they know we're all sissies, that we're too chickenshit to do anything. So go on. Sign your petitions and write your letters. And blow your little whistles. But nothing's going to change until you fight back. Until you learn to say Don't. f*ck. With. Me!

[He strides out. Justin looks impressed.]

[At the diner, Deb rushes over to show Mel and Lindz the headlines.]

Debbie: Did you see this? They actually caught the f*cking bashers!

Mel: Mmmh, it's fantastic.

Lindsay: I think it's wonderful and what's Justin worked.

Justin: It's all thanks to Darren's description.

Lindsay: I bet, he must feel relieved.

Justin: More like bloodthirsty.

Debbie: Well, we all know there's nothing more terrifying than a bloodthirsty drag queen!

[Suddenly, a voice from the not-so-distant past. It's Ted, fresh out of rehab.]

Ted: Hey Deb. How about a cup of coffee?

Debbie: Sure, honey. Have a seat... [she noticed it's Ted] Teddy, hi! How you doin'?

Ted: I'm doin' great.

Debbie: You do look good.

Lindsay: How did it go?

Ted: I just get to rehab. It was probably the most significant experience of my life. The first day I was there, I was totally resistant. Furious, ashamed, certain I didn't belong there. The second day, I started accepting help. I went to group and individual sessions at the end , sharing the pain. The third day...

Debbie: Honey, I'd love to stay for the whole seven days, but I've got a grilled cheese that's about to turn to cement. Welcome home!

[Lindz and Mel, who have been fidgeting and looking at their watches, make their excuses.]

Lindsay: I've got to get back to the gallery.

Mel: I'd love to hear more, but Gus is waiting at daycare. Bye!

Ted: OK. Bye.

[He turns to Justin, who is still there.]

Ted: Don't you have somewhere to be?

Justin: Thanks for reminding me. Welcome back!

[And Justin leaves. But wait...Brian is sitting at the counter.]

Brian: Well, I for one think you're to be commended.

Ted: (warily) Well, thank you, Brian.

Brian: What you've accomplished is an amazing achievement.

Ted: I wouldn't go so far as to -

Brian: To sink so low, to hit bottom with such a resounding thud!

Ted: You should be a guest motivational speaker in rehab.

Brian: Of course, the good news is, once you've hit the bottom, you can't go any lower. So that means there's only way to go. And that way is...? Rhymes with...? (he raises his coffee cup)

Ted: Up?

[Brian pats him on the shoulder and leaves.]

[At the gym, Brian is trying to drum up more business.]

Brian: I have an corrospondation campaign with Torso. A new membership here and a 10% there and you have a box full of q*eers.

Trainer: Sounds like an interesting idea. I'll get back to you.

[Ben and Hunter come in.]

Brian: Batman and the new Robin!

Ben: Better not tell the old Robin that. I just got Hunter a membership.

Hunter: (to Brian) Ya wanna hook up in the steamroom?

Brian: (laughs) Ah - yeah. (To Ben) He should fit in here just fine.

Ben: We did not come here so you could hit on the guys and that includes Brian. We came here so you could stay healthy.

Hunter: Too late for that!

Ben: No, it's never too late to get in shape.

Brian: Yeah, you want to develop that six-pack before you drink it! I can use that for the ad!

Hunter: Why work out when I can take some meds and - kapow!

[He's looking at an poster advertising an HIV med, featuring a buff guy.]

Ben: Because it's better to build your immune system naturally.

Hunter: That guy looks pretty healthy to me.

Ben: That's not what HIV looks like. And the meds don't fix anything. They buy you time if they work. And then there are dozens of side effects. Skin rashes, liver failure, cardiac arrest.

Brian: It's a little early to be freaking the kid out, don't you think?

Ben: I just don't want him believing some misleading ad that makes it seem like all you have to do is pop some pill and you're as good as new. Anybody who's ever taken one knows what a crock of sh*t that is.

[Ben and Hunter go off to work out, leaving Brian looking thoughtfully at the poster.]

[Back to the wild wonders of willies in the woods. Em's sitting at the water's edge, watching as two guys have at it on the opposite side of the bank. And Em's not even happy about the sightseeing opportunity. Enter Periwinkle again.]

Periwinkle: Mushrooms?

Emmett: Sure. Why not?

[Em eats one. And what fallows is view after view of a hallucinating Honeycutt, wandering in distraction through the flora and fauna of Mother Nature's backyard. Finally he runs out and sees an older man who's busy putting rocks into a circle - for a group bon fire to be held that night.]

Ariel: Looking for the naked twister competition?

Emmett: All other I looking for.

Ariel: And how about giving me a hand here?

Emmett: What are you doin'?

Ariel: Important work.

Emmett: Moving rocks?

Ariel: Depends on why you're moving on? Hey, help my place them in a circle. You a new faerie, aren't you?

Emmett: Aren't here, suppose I am.

Ariel: What's your name?

Emmett: Emmett.

Ariel: I don't mean your real name. Back there I'm Harry, but here I'm Ariel. So, what's your faerie name?

Emmett: I don't though about one.

Ariel: What stoppin' ya?

Emmett: I don't know.

Ariel: I do. You don't believe in fairies. You think this is all nonsense, don't ya?

Emmett: No, I don't! Really. [Pause] Yeah, I do.

Ariel: Well, maybe you stop thinking that way and the faerie spirit comes to you. But somehow I doubt it. You see, I can always tell you, you are not one of us - a proud faerie.

Emmett: I have want to be a very proud faerie. Ask anyone who knows me! My flame burns bright.

Ariel: Right now it wouldn't toast a marshmallow...

Emmett: It maybe a little low.

Ariel: I guess you be hurt by someone you loved. Now all you can feel is anger and pain.

Emmett: How do you know?

Ariel: The way you though like that aren't fit. Which isn't by the way very flattering.

Emmett: Thanks.

Ariel: Hey, give me that.

Emmett: Very strong for a...

Ariel: ...old faerie? It's called faerie power. It's giving to you to survive. Sometimes we forget we have it. That's why the catering was start it. To help us remember, to celebrate.

Emmett: What a aim to renew my spirit with a little working.

Ariel: Cause you start looking for isn't here.

Emmett: Then where is it?

Ariel: There. The circle is complete.

[At home, Ted logs onto his laptop to check his email, which is all from Dr. Crystal, of course. He goes to the kitchen, opens a drawer and gets out his pipe. He's saved by the bell. Enter Lindsay and Mel

with his mail, Droopidus Orchidus and some groceries.]

Lindsay: Hi, can we come in?

Ted: Uh. Yeah, yeah, sure.

Mel: We wouldn't to run away.

Lindsay: We were just in a hurry.

Ted: It's okay. I understand.

Mel: So, you're alright?

Ted: Yeah, fine, fine. Don't remind me.

Lindsay: We brought Droopy back. You rename him because he's not droppy anymore. Look, he got a new buttom. Let's pretend the l*sbian care.

Mel: And you're mail.

Lindsay: We brought you a few things you may need.

Mel: Milk, coffee.

[As they're putting away the groceries, they see the pipe.]

Ted: I was just getting rid of my triggers. Anything that reminds you of what you don't want to be reminded of. In my case, well, let's just say I should move to a desert island and start from scratch. I don't want you to think I was - because I wasn't -

Mel&Lindsay: no, no, of course not! Nobody said you were!

[They don't believe him. Ted doesn't even believe himself.]

[At Vanguard, Gardner is unveiling his (Brian's) Endovir campaign to the client, Remsen. The theme is "Back on top" and it's a lot like that ad in the gym.]

Gardner: What is the end of view? Is it a drug? A pill? Or the latest miracle of medical technology? Of course, it's all of these things and more. It is the promise of health, of a future bright with hope, of dreams fulfilled. Of being (Cynthia unveils poster) "Back on Top". So we've designed a campaign to accentuate the positive aspects of being positive. A campaign based on one simple word and that word is -

[Brian walks in. He always did know how to make an entrance.]

Brian: - Bullshit?

Gardner: I was going to say optimism. How the hell you know about the meeting?

Brian: I'm the one who set it up. Before I left.

Remsen: I like what you've done. Downplayed the disease , emphasized quality of life.

Brian: I should be so lucky as to have HIV. Then I, too, could go play volleyball with my shirtless, hunky buds.

[Vance whispers in Brian's ear]

Gardner: If you don't get the hell out or I call the security.

Brian: Regretfully, Mr. Remsen, I must be going. But before I leave, I'd like - with your permission - to show you a new campaign that I've designed based on one simple word and that word is honesty. Ladies and gentlemen, the real face of HIV.

Gardner: (reading) "Some days I feel like hell. But at least I'm still alive." - "I don't want to climb a mountain. I just want to live another day." - "Sure, there are side effects. But nothing I can't handle."

Remsen: You've got to be kidding!

Brian: It's strong medicine. I'll admit that .

Remsen: We spent six years and $50 million developing this drug! I personally worked my a*s off getting it through the FDA. You think I'm gonna throw it away on some ad campaign that tells people they're gonna feel like hell?

Brian: They already know that! And they're willing to accept it, provided your drug can buy them another year, another month. That's all they're hoping for, that's all they want. And that's all you can honestly offer.

Gardner: Our job is to make your drug as attractive as possible to the consumer. And that's exactly what we did.

Brian: You mean what I did. This was my idea and let me be the first to say - it stinks. Having HIV may not be a ride in the park, but with Endovir it's not a death sentence. So why don't you say that?

[Remsen looks thoughtful.]

[At Darren's apartment, Justin reads him the news article about the arrest of his attackers.]

Justin: Isn't that great? They finally caught the m*therf*ckers! Now all you have to do is finger them - metaphorically speaking of course - so they can rot behind bars for 20 years. Or, better yet, get g*ng r*ped nightly by prisoners with A*DS.

Darren: I was thinking maybe Chanda should go blonde for her comeback.

Justin: Didn't you hear me?

Darren: Of course I heard you. g*ng r*ped nightly by prisoners with A*DS. Where did you come up with such gruesome thoughts?

Justin: So when's the lineup?

Darren: If you're referring to what goes on in the backroom of a certain club, I don't engage in such

activity!

Justin: I'm referring to the police lineup. When are you going to identify them?

Darren: I'm not. I don't really have a very clear memory of what they looked like.

Justin: But you're the one who described them.

Darren: I guess I've forgotten.

Justin: Well, maybe seeing them again will jog your memory.

Darren: Look, I already told the police, 'Sorry, wish I could help but I really can't. Thanks for asking.'

Justin: (angry) If you don't point them out, they're just gonna walk.

Darren: I really don't want to discuss this any further. Now what's for lunch.

Justin: Chicken!

[Darren gives him a look. Justin relents a little.]

Justin: Darren, why did you change your mind?

Darren: I guess I had time to think. And I decided cowardice is the better part of valor.

Justin: Nothing is going to happen!

Darren: (angry) How do you know that? Say I identify them. Say they go to trial. Say they get off. Say they come looking for me!

Justin: Say they're back on the streets tomorrow because you didn't do anything! Say they attack someone else!

Darren: Look, you're the one who told me to put all this behind me, to get on with my life! Yes! I do think blond!

Justin: Maybe I was wrong. Maybe it's time we stood up for ourselves. Fought back!

Darren: And when your attacker bashed you, and then they got off practically scot-free, what exactly did you do?

[Justin has no answer for that.]
[Cut to Ted and Blake at the diner.]

Ted: I know I said I'd only call you if I was on a ledge with a rope around my neck, but I figured a curb and a scarf would suffice.

Blake: It's no problem, I told you you could call me anytime. More coffee?

Ted: No thanks. If I was any more wired, I'd light up Times Square.

Blake: Be patient. You've only been back for one day.

Ted: And I'm already a wreck. Look, I have sweety palms. I make my friends nervous. They don't know what to say. They see me, they wanna flee. They don't trust me. The think I'm still using.

Blake: Same thing happened with me. Eventually, they came around and even forgave me. Except one.

Ted: Your mother? Your father?

Blake: (shakes his head) The first guy who ever believed in me. I never really made amends to him.

Ted: Did you try?

Blake: We'd lost touch. But recently, we reconnected. Maybe now I'll get my chance.

[Cut to angry Justin drawing at the loft, crumpling up pictures in frustration. His hand is bothering him.]

Brian: Since when did our heroes become the merry butchers of Gayopolis?

Justin: Someone has to do it, since f*gs are too cowardly to stand up for themselves!

Brian: Somebody's pissed off.

Justin: Well, you would be too if you'd got your head bashed in.

Brian: I know, I was there. I thought you'd put that behind you and moved on.

Justin: I don't wanna talk about it.

[Brian strokes his hair. Justin takes his hand and puts it away.]

Justin: Darren refused to identify his attackers. They're gonna get off. When I told him to be brave, stand up for himself, he said to me, what did you do? I was a coward. I should have done something and I didn't.

Brian: Well, you wanna get even? I'll tell you how to get even Become the biggest f*cking success you can possibly be.

Justin: (disgusted) I already know.

Brian: Well if you know, take that anger and put it into your work. Use it! Have more money, more power, more sex than any poor hetero schmuck because trust me, nothing pisses off a straight guy more than a successful f*g.

Justin: You know Guernica? People say it's the most powerful anti-w*r statement ever made. I say bullshit. It hangs in a f*cking museum, collecting dust. And this is all bullshit. It doesn't do a m*therf*cking thing.

[He crumples up the drawing he was working on and stomps off.]

[Back to Blake and Ted. They're at Ted's apartment. Blake is helping Ted dispose of his "triggers." Porn.

f*ck clothes. A picture of some opera guy.]

Ted: f*ck clothes! Ah, they stink! And these. Or my porn books and my porn tapes.

Blake: Wait! How's Giuseppe Verdi a trigger?

Ted: He was here watching the whole time.

Blake: He was also here the first time you played La Traviata for me. I say we give him a reprieve. That it?

Ted: Almost.

[He gets the laptop.]

Blake: You sure you wanna trash that?

Ted: Never gave me anything but trouble. Hookups, porn sites, not to mention endless e-mails to increase my d*ck size.

Blake: I don't recall that being one of your shortcomings.

Ted: Even if I got rid of every trigger, every reminder, I'd still remember what I did.

Blake: You gonna be alright?

Ted: To tell you the truth, after rehab where they never left you alone, I'm feeling a little freaky being here by myself.

Blake: I could stay with you, if you'd like.

Ted: No, I couldn't ask you -

Blake: If it'd make you feel better.

Ted: Well, uh, where do we, uh -

Blake: I'd crash on the sofa.

Ted: Of course. The sofa - uh, I'll get you some blankets.

[He goes into another room to gets some blankets.]

Ted: Sleep tight.

Blake: Yeah, you too. And if you need anything -

[Ted nods. Goes into bedroom, closes the door.]

[Back in the woods. It's a group circle bon fire. Everyone's passing a stick around and repeating, "I feel the power." Em rushes into the group]

Emmett: Hold it! I take that, Dumpling. I feel the power, to. My name is "On A Clear Day You Can See Forever." It just overcame to me. You know what I mean. But you can call me Clear Day.

Man#1: This is a heart circle, Clear Day. We share our feelings here. Is there anything you like to share?

Emmett: Well, the truth is I donna want really come to here. But then somehow something magical happened. I realized that if it's true that faeries have the ability to create beauty out of ugliness and joy out of pain then that power come from one place. Which I know it's come from all along.

Man#1: Thank you. Rise faeries. We thank the powers of the Earth and the Heavens for giving us our special gifts. We celebrate our faeries forfathers and the generations to follow. And our faerie folder Harry.

Emmett: [whispers to Periwinkle] Where is he, anyway?

Periwinkle: Harry passed away two years ago.

[Cut to a focus group watching Brian's old ad and Brian's new ad. Apparently, First, the "old" ad.]

moderator: So, how do you think about these ads? When you see this in the newspaper and magazine or on a billboard. Would you make those to ask your doctor to an interview?

Man#1: Sure, if he gave me his phone number.

woman#1: Pretty much the same old, same old.

Man#2: Hunky white dudes having fun.

Man#3: I get the message of hope.

Man#1: And being on top.

moderator: What about these?

[She brings out Brian's new ads.]

Man#1: You gotta be kidding!

Woman#1: I don't believe it.

Man#3: Who would run ads like these?

Woman#1: It's the truth. Some days I do feel like hell.

Man#1: But actually see that?

Man#3: But you think you're ever gonna see that?

Man#2: That is one ad you'll never see.

Man#3: They wouldn't have the ba*ls.

[Brian and Remsen are watching the whole thing through a one-way mirror. Obviously Remsen was sufficiently impressed by Brian's presentation to take it one step further.]

[Cut to Babylon and an overly long system of Emmett dancing. Apparently, his flame was ignited around the campfire at the faerie gathering and is once again burning brightly. At the bar, Brian, Michael and Ben look at Michael's pictures from the faerie gathering.]

Michael: This is me and Wolfen and Periwinkle. And there is Emmett, I mean "Clear Day".

Ben: Don't forget the cutie in the kilt.

Brian: I think I got these on your Christmas Card.

Ben: Didn't I say to you it isn't a life-time experience, Dumpling?

Brian: Dumpling?

Michael: That's my faerie name. And if you ever say about this...

Emmett: Cosmo, please.

Brian: Why did you do that?

Emmett: Just try to spreat the magie.

Ben: Maybe next year we all should go.

Michael: Yeah!

Emmett: Absolutely!

Ben: Brian, how about you?

Brian: I'd rather have my tongue super-glued to a l*sbian's twat. Besides, I'm gonna be way too busy with my new business. And my new account!

Michael: The Circus of Porn account isn't exactly going to buy you a summer home in P-town.

Brian: But the Remsen Pharmaceuticals account will! Here's to Kinnetic! Drinks are on me, boys!

All: To Kinnetic!

[Meanwhile, at Woody's, Justin is drinking alone, looking morose. He walks over to Cody, who's is at a table with his crew, doing what he does best: being angry.]

Cody: Well, if it isn't Meg Ryan!

Justin: I heard what you said at the Center and I agree.

Cody: (unimpressed) That's nice. (Goes on talking to his g*ng) You need to understand, it's not about being a victim -

Justin: It's about not allowing yourself to be victimized.

[Now Cody realizes that Justin gets it. Justin is allowed to sit down with the cool kids.]

Cody: (extends his hand) Cody Vail.

Justin: (shakes it) Justin Taylor.

Cody: Ready to kick some straight a*s?

[Black Screen.]

END OF EPISODE

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